

STONE WALLS

SUMMER, 1982

\$2.00



S. DRAPE
AL

APR 22 1982

One of the pleasantest aspects of being on the Board of Editors for *Stone Walls*, is having the privilege of reading first hand the letters and manuscripts submitted by our readers.

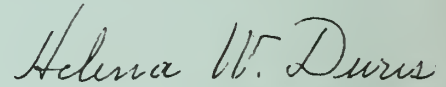
The letters and comments have done much for our ego, and have also served as guides in making our selections.

The Board looks favorably on manuscripts written of memories, ideas, and happenings of the good people who have lived in the hill towns. We like stories and accounts that reflect ideals of hard work, courage, and patriotism.

I have lived in my hill town 58 years. Being involved in local history and genealogical research I have come to know and understand these fine people. Over the years, quiet and unassuming, they have made many contributions for the betterment of mankind; they looked for no glory, but thought of their accomplishments as a part of their everyday living and patriotic duty. They have seldom made the headlines.

By publishing their folklore, diaries, letters, account books, and other nostalgic material, history is made to live, and come alive.

Few places in our state can boast such exciting history as our *HILL TOWNS!*



Helena W. Duris
Granville

STONE WALLS

Box 85

Huntington, Massachusetts 01050

Vol. 8, No. 2

STONE WALLS is published quarterly. Subscriptions are \$7.00 a year, \$2.00 for individual copies. Please add 80 cents with a special request for any back issue to be mailed. The retail price of individual copies may be modified only with the permission of the Editorial Board. We welcome unsolicited manuscripts and illustrations from and about the hilltowns of the Berkshires. The editors of STONE WALLS assume no responsibility for non-commissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with self addressed envelope and sufficient postage. We also welcome letters from our readers. No portions of this publication may be reproduced in any form, with the exception of brief excerpts for review purposes, without the express consent of the editors of STONE WALLS.

©STONE WALLS 1982

Cover Illustration by S. Draper

Printed by Mint Printers, 23 Kline Road, Southwick, MA 01077

Contents

- 2. THE HILLTOWN FARMER'S MARKET..... Lucy Conant
- 5. DIARY OF LEVI WATSON DIMOCK - 1868, PART III
- 10. LETTERS TO JENNIE..... Marion Sweeney
- 11. FOOTPRINTS OF MONTGOMERY
- 12. WESTFIELD, 1900..... Percy Wyman
- 18. EVELYN JENSEN.....Natalie Birrell
- 20. FLYING GRASSHOPPERS..... Evelyn Jensen
- 21. THE BAGWORM..... Evelyn Jensen
- 22. IRREVERENT LOOK AT OUR ANCESTORS..... ..Barbara McCorkindale
- 25. OUR CHANGING BIRD LIFE..... Seth Kellogg
- 35. GENEALOGICAL QUERIES
- 36. OUR READERS WRITE US

The Hilltown Farmers' Market

By Lucy Conant

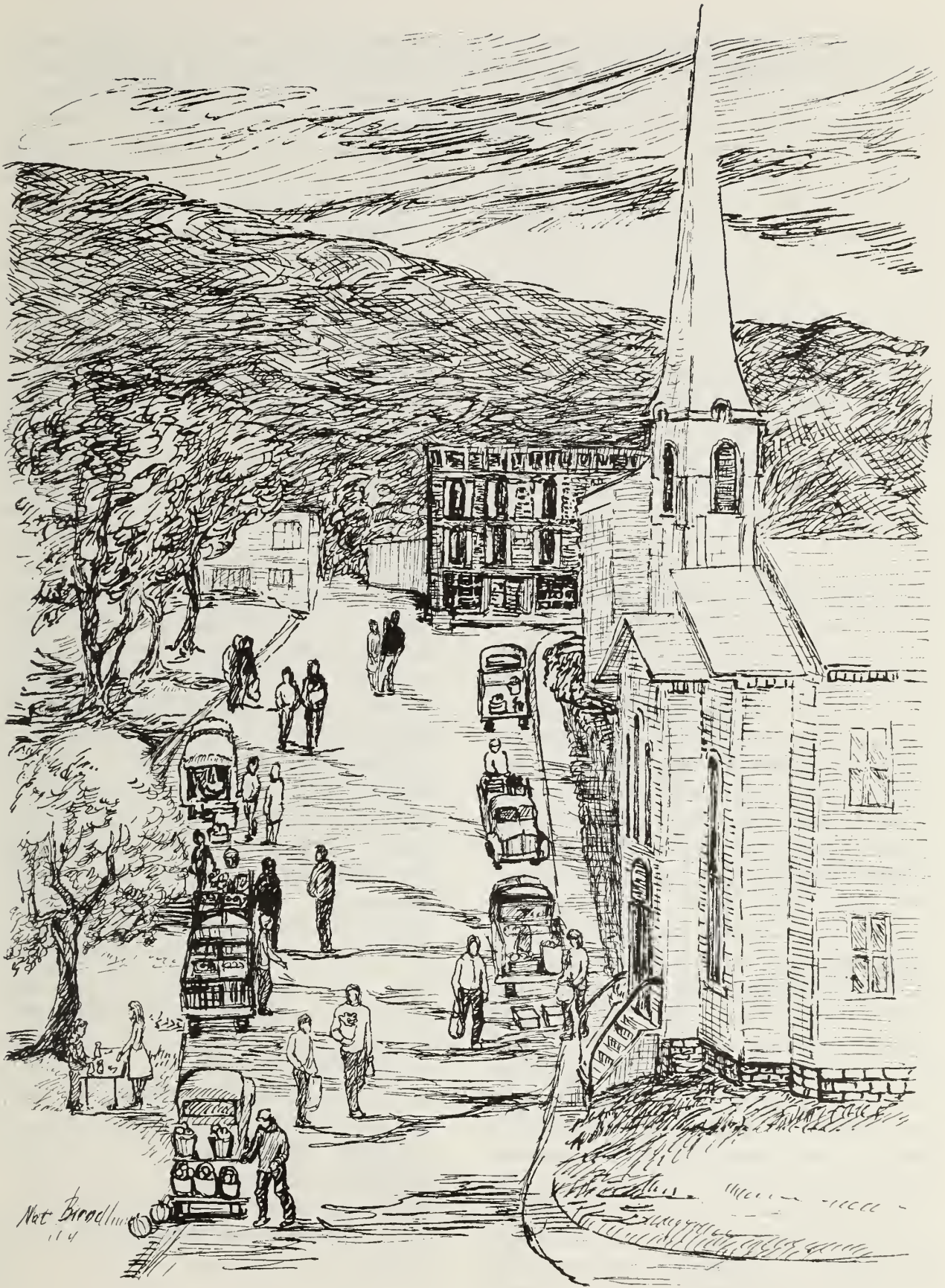
Every so often a new institution develops in the hilltowns that meets a need and succeeds. One recent example is the Hilltown Farmers' Market in Huntington which began during the summer of 1979. This year it will begin its fourth season, and its opening will help signify the beginning of summer to the people living in and around Huntington.

The Market was started by a group of people from the Wild Mountain Thyme Food Cooperative. They wanted to make fresh local produce available to people, particularly the elderly, and at the same time help people raising extra garden produce to have a cash crop. That first summer there were a number of rainy Saturdays which were a problem, but the Market proved successful. Since then it has been sponsored by an informal local group based in Huntington.

Farmers' markets have had a long and flourishing history in some parts of the country. Here in New England they have only recently been recreated as a means to enable farmers to sell their products on a retail basis and to make it possible for consumers to purchase fresh locally grown food. At long last people are becoming concerned that a state such as

Massachusetts imports most all of its food from elsewhere. This has been true even in the summer when local vegetable growers have had problems selling their produce. The farmers' market is a good idea that now is being promoted by such agencies as the Cooperative Extension Service and the State Department of Food and Agriculture.

Although most people in the hilltowns probably have vegetable gardens, there are groups such as the elderly and summer and weekend visitors who do not have gardens. They are among the best customers at the Market in Huntington. At the same time not everyone has space to raise vegetables such as peas and sweet corn. Crops do fail and most gardens have periodic lulls in production. There will be a time when everyone has green beans and zucchini in their own gardens, and sales of those items will be very slow at the Market, but if one can raise those vegetables either before or after their peak season, they will sell well. Gardeners visit the Market to check out how their own crops are ripening in relation to the sellers' gardens. With the varied soils and altitudes of the hilltowns, the timing of the vegetable harvest differs considerably, depending on location.



Actually the Farmers' Market has had more of a problem attracting sellers than buyers. Some people try selling for one or two sessions and then drop out because of lack of time, lack of enough produce to sell, or they may be discouraged by slow initial sales. But for those who plant their gardens with the Market in mind and who are able to bring a variety of items on a regular basis, spending summer Saturday mornings on the Huntington Common can become a worthwhile and interesting part of hilltown living. The Market is open to any seller of locally grown produce. This includes vegetables, berries, plants and flowers as well as homemade food items such as bread, pies, maple syrup, honey, jam, etc. A one dollar fee is paid by each seller per market session to the sponsoring group to cover costs.

Last year the sellers were a varied lot of men and women ranging in age from ten to somewhere over seventy. The ten year old boy who wanted a summer project to earn money proved to be an excellent and enthusiastic salesman. The brother and sister who were college students and sold home made baked goods during the summer were greatly missed when they returned to college in the early fall. Some of the sellers specialize, one woman bringing only pies. Another man brings apples and cider to the Market from September until the Market closes for the year. Others try to provide a variety of products. They all help one another while comparing notes on produce and prices. A frequent comment is that the sellers are their own best customers, buying from someone else what they do not raise themselves.

An important feature of the Market is its neighborliness. Visiting is just about as important as buying produce. Old acquaintances are greeted and new friends

are made. It is mostly the same people, both sellers and buyers, who come every Saturday, so there is continuity from one week to the next. Recipes are swapped and gardening tips compared in addition to the usual small town sociability that takes place whenever people get together.

Weather is an important factor. A rainy Saturday morning will discourage all but the most persistent sellers and buyers. When it is hot, the shadier spots are sought by the sellers when they arrive to set up their tables in front of the old church and the town hall. But on a frosty October morning as the Market nears its close, the sun is welcomed by everyone. Certain customers arrive promptly as soon as the Market opens at nine, particularly when such popular items as raspberries and sweet corn are in season. After a busy opening with serious early shoppers, there usually is a lull between ten and eleven followed by more activity as people come to the post office before it closes or stop by while doing other errands in downtown Huntington.

Hopefully the Hilltown Farmers' Market on the Huntington Common will continue for many more years, bringing together local people who raise vegetables and fruit and those who enjoy baking and making other kitchen goodies with the people who appreciate the opportunity to buy locally grown fresh produce and other food items. It makes good sense and certainly some mighty good eating.

1982 SCHEDULE

Opening: May 22nd

Closing: October 9th

Location: Huntington Common

Time: Saturday mornings from 9 a.m. to 12 noon

Diary of Levi Watson Dimock 1868

PART 111

Sat June 20 I worked on the Highway commencing at Westhampton line E. J. Burt \$2.00 L. W. Dimock \$2.00 & Joe Knight \$1.50 with the cattle \$2.50 Worked Worked to the top of the Hill amt. \$8.00 Father finished hoeing the corn

Sun. Jun 21 Showered some in the morning I & Marion & father went to church all day Mother in the afternoon, began to rain before meeting was out rained all night

Mon Jun. 22 Rained in the morning lowry through the day We ashed 1 piece of corn I & Marion made a call & took tea at Daniel Axtell's had a pleasant time. Drove Bing? White Hind to M. M. Lyman in the evening

Tues. June 23 Lowry in the morning I & Marion went to Easthampton with butter 30# sold to A. J. Lyman at 32 cts We visited at L. C. Toogoods A Pleasant day

Wed. Jun 24 Worked on Highway LWD \$2.00 HBD \$1.00 Joe \$1.50 & cattle \$2.50 E.M. Searl \$2.00 Holsey \$2.00 Geo. Searl \$1.50 Cattle \$1.00 Henry Strong \$2.00 Worked all day on the Hill by C. W. Strong

Thurs. Jun 25 Worked on Highway L.W. Dimmock 1/2 Day \$1.00 H. B. Dimmock 1/2 \$1.00 Joe & Cattle 1 Day \$4.00 E. P. Chadwick \$2.00 Henry Strong \$2.00 We worked from our

house towards the church

Fri. June 26 Finished working on Highway H. B. Dimock \$1.50 3/4 Day L. W. Dimock 3/4 \$1.50 Joe \$1.50 & Cattle \$1.87 3/4 Day Amt. 6.37 We had no hired help A pleasant day, some cloudy

Sat. Jun 27 A warm Day.. Father & I went to village Drew up a Grind Stone for G. W. Cushing Father paid Henry Woods \$55 & took up our town order. Paid N. O. Hannum \$5 on a/c G. W. staid with us overnight

Sun. Jun 28 We all went to church A very nice day G. W. Lucas Lectures in the evening on Music

Mon. June 29 We commenced hoeing Potatoes on the Hill A very warm day

Tues. Jun 30 finished hoeing Potatoes Orlando Pierce & Wife came to our house in the afternoon

Wed. Jul. 1 Amt. Paid in Bonds \$14.386 Gold at 139 Father: Orlando & Wife & I & Marion went to Northampton Reunion of the 10th Reg. Cloudy in the morning warm & pleasant in the afternoon

Thurs. Jul. 2 A very warm day hoed corn part of the day late in the afternoon I and Orlando went to the village

Fri Jul 3 Orlando went home this morning another searing hot day We hoed corn Marion went to the village to

carry Lyman Giddings

Sat. Jul. 4 Independence Jo went away had his holiday Had a small Par-ty at Henry Strongs We all attended A tremendous hot day I think one of the hottest days I ever knew

Sun. Jul 5 I & Marion went to church all day father & mother did not go the day being decidedly hot looks some showery or stormy at night

Mon. Jul We commenced haying in the barn lot S. Brown J. B. Weeks about 3/4 day

Tues. Jul. 7 The Red Heifer calf is Five Weeks old We mowed awhile in the morning the weather did not look very good

Wed. Jul 8 Father carried the calf to the village weighed 174# Amt. to 14.45 Spencer Brown worked about 3/4 day at haying A pretty warm day

Thurs. Jul 9 Rained some in the morning We did not work at haying Went to Easthampton with Hugh Laidly & wife was mad had a fit &c

Fri. Jul 10 A first rate hay day We got in 5 loads of Hay S. Brown worked J. B. Weeks worked about 3/4 day Very warm

Sat. Jul 11 Mr. Brown & J. B. Weeks worked for us we Drew in --- We finished mowing back of the cider mill A first rate good hay day

Sun. Jul 12 A very warm day We all went to church Fanny & George Woods came up to our house

Mon. Jul 13 We had no hired help commenced mowing in the clover piece drew in 3 loads of hay A tremendous warm day seemed as though we all should melt but after all I believe we didn't don't you

Tues. July 14 We finished mowing the clover piece & Barn lot drew in one large

load of clover hay then came up a shower & prevented us from getting in any more. Extra warm We had no hired help

Wed. We drew into the barn 4 loads of hay from clover piece finished it A very good hay day

Thurs. July 16 We Mowed the South orchard in the forenoon drew in a load of hay from barn lot in the afternoon A Pretty fair hay Day Mowed west of the Burying Ground

Fri. July 17 We mowed the clover field so called: A good hay day: Mother went to the village We Drew the hay from the little on hand 1 good load

Sat. July 18 A first rate hay day We Drew in five loads of hay Finished the clover field: little orchard lot & West of Burying ground

Sun. July 19 Quite a warm day I & Marion went to church all day Showery at night We did not have any hay out got it in Saturday night

Mon. July 20 Lowery this morning did not mow any Hoed Potatoes on the hill

Tues. July 21 Cloudy foggy in the morning Hoed Potatoes on the hill Joshua Beals called upon us finished hoeing that piece

Wed. July 22 We mowed some light Grass near the Red House Drew in 1 load just before the shower Quite a smart rain did not have any hay wet

Thurs. July 23 I carried Mother to see Dr. Wing found him at E. B. Tinkers returned about noon We worked getting turfs from turnip piece in the Hay yard not a good hay day cloudy

Fri. July 24 Cloudy foggy We worked on turnip piece Sowed our Turnips A hard Job getting off turfs commenced raining Just at night rained



all night

Sat. July 25 rained Early in the morning I & Marion went to Village in the afternoon

Sun. July 26 We all went to church quite a warm sunny day

Mon. July 27 Henry Strong cut our rye I changed works with him I mowed & helped bind rye another smoky day Father & Jo mowed near the Red House

Tues. Jul. 28 A Smokey Day not a first rate Hay day We drew in our Rye had but 1 load Drew in two loads of hay

Wed. July 29 traded horses with H. H. Billings father went to N. Hampton We drew in three loads of hay

Thurs. July 30 Rained this morning A shower We finished mowing the side

hill orchard Father & I went to Westhampton to see Mr. Burton

Fri. July 31 We mowed some bedding in the Porter Pasture in the morning Drew in 3 loads of hay from side hill orchard finished that lot

Sat. Aug. 1 We did not do any haying the day was not very good Sowed some turnip on the rye piece

Sun. Aug. 2 I & Marion went to church all-day Rev. Mr. Allender Preached A warm day

Mon. Aug. 3 We mowed in the lower South lot drew in a load from the Porter Pasture Quite a good hay day We ought to have drawn in a load of hay rained in the night

Tues. Aug. 4 A rainy forenoon two loads of hay down flat I & Marion visited at Augustus Dimocks rained quite

hard going in We came home in the evening

Wed. Aug. 5 Cloudy & Lowry We mowed a little got in one load of hay not much of a hay-day

Thurs. Aug. 6 We did not mow any pulled weeds some in the forenoon in the afternoon Drew in 2 loads of hay not anything of a hay day our hay was not very dry

Fri. Aug. 7 We finished mowing the lower south lot drew in 1 load of hay I went to Northampton in the afternoon with bay mare not a good hay day

Sat. Aug. 8 We did not work at haying rained part of the day: Settled with Ezbon Burt Bought his garden \$12

Sun. Aug 9 All Saints Day I & Marion went to church all day a pleasant day We got in two loads of hay

Mon. Aug. 10 We mowed some lodged oats in the morning afternoon commenced mowing in the Button Ball pretty good hay day Father paid Leander Rhoads \$40 towards the Cattle Walter called at our house

Tues. Aug 11 We did not work at haying Went to Montgomery Hucklebering rained some of the time a poor hay day father went to Northampton with the Billings Mare

Wed. Aug. 12 We mowed some in the Button Ball rained a little in the afternoon a sort of shower or skud

Thurs. Aug. 13 A pretty fair hay day considerable windy we got in 3 loads of hay from the Button Ball Henry Strong Cradled some of our oats

Fri. Aug. 14 Father cut the Grass seed We mowed a little in the Button Ball Mrs. Rhoda Lewis was buried Father drove the hearse We drew in a load of hay

Sat. Aug. 15 We Bound & Drew in our Grass seed Bound & Drew in oats that were cradled did not do any

haying fair hay day Mowed the remainder of our oats

Sun. Aug. 16 I & Marion went to church all day Father & Mother in the afternoon A comfortably day A shower in the morning

Mon. Aug. 17 Finished getting in our oats Mowed a load of hay in the Button Ball & Drew it up Wallace Hannum moved into the Red House

Tues. Aug. 18 A cloudy morning unloaded 1 load of oats & 1 of hay Father & I went to village in the afternoon

Wed. Aug. 19 We finished haying A pretty good-hay-day

Thurs. Aug. 20 I & Marion went to Worthington to the Centennial celebration A rainy time A good many people were there

Fri Aug. 21 Mowed some swamp grass for bedding in Edwin Hannums Pasture

Sat. Aug. 22 I & Marion went to Northampton Carried 22# Butter Sold to Mansion House for 42 cts Bought a silver cake basket for E. N. Woods Silver weding A pleasant day

Sun. Aug. 23 I & Marion went to church all day

Mon. Aug. 24 Mowed some brakes in the Brook Pasture E. N. Woods Silver Weding in the evening We-Atended I think about fifty were in attendance We had a first rate time-started for home about 12 o'clock

Tues. Aug. 25 Mr. Burton came on to work for us a few days he made a Wagon-body I went to Village in the morning for some bolts A warm day

Wed. Aug. 26 Another warm day I was at home went to Society at A. P. Freemans

Thurs. Aug. 27 Worked about house. A warm day W.P. Adams commenced laying wall on the hill

Fri Aug. 28 We Drew stone for W. P. Adams in the forenoon on the hill Burton Cr. by 3 days works Mr. Chadwick worked

Sat. Aug. 29 We commenced laying Wall in the Button Ball lot W.P. Adams A.T. Strong had my horse to go to Easthampton in the afternoon

Sun. Aug. 30 I went to church in the afternoon Mr. Dickinson from Chester Preached

Mon. Aug. 31 We layed wall A T Strong worked until 4 o'clock had my horse to go to East Hampton W. P. Adams worked A warm day Dr. Giddings & Harriet Gorlidge? came to our house Staid over night

Tues. Sept 1 We Layed wall finished laying wall in the Button Ball A. T. Strong worked Eddie Pierce & Sarah came to our house

Wed. Sept 2 I & Eddie went to Westfield Camp Meeting A comfortable Day

Thurs. Sept. 3 A cloudy day looked some rainy Eddie & Sarah returned home in the afternoon I & Dr. Giddings went to Glendale for some Water Melons

Fri. Sept. 4 A rainy morning rained hard all day I carried Dr. Giddings & family to the village just at night

Sat. Sept. 5 We went to Easthampton with 31# Butter Sold for 45 21 Bush golden sweets 75 Bought 1 Bbl Flour \$15 Bot at J. H. Wells

Sun. Sept 6 We went to church in the forenoon did not in the afternoon

Mon. Sept. 7 Rained in the morning Father & I went to the village with two horses to get wagon body fixed and horses shod Chgd us \$4

Tues. Sept. 8 We commenced mowing rowen in the barn lot in the forenoon Picked some golden sweet apples in the afternoon A pretty good day Horse

show at Springfield

Wed. Sept. 9 Father went-to-Easthampton with a load of Bass lumber about 26# Butter & 6 Bush sweet apples at .50 per Bush Ladies society at our house in the afternoon numbered between 30 & 40 rained a little in afternoon

Thurs. Sept. 10 Rainy in the forenoon I & Marion went to Henry Dimocks Staid over-night Very muddy going

Fri. Sept 11 I & Marion went to Middlefield-to-Cattle Show sprinkled some in the-morning A bad time for the show I came-home at night not a great many People Present-Should think about 1000

Sat. Sept. 12 We cut logs and drew to the sawmill rained some of the time Eb Stone & wife staid over night at our house

Sun. Sept 13 I did not go to church any part of the day Father & Marion went A shower in the afternoon

Mon. Sept. 14 We mowed rowen in the forenoon in the afternoon I picked golden sweet apples Carried 25 Bush to Ashley Lyman's A good day

Tues. Sept. 15 I & Marion, Schuyler Clark & Fanny Woods went on to Mount-Holyoke a fine-time I Had a bile on the back of my neck Father & Joe mowed some rowen A first rate hay day Schuyler & Fanny staid over night

Wed. Sept. 16 Foggy in the morning rained Part of the day. I picked apples some in the morning

Thurs. Sept. 17 I was not able-to work but a little Father & Joe cut the lower piece of corn

Fri. Sept. 18 Father went to Easthampton with Ash-Plank Apples & Butter. I & Jo got in the rowen. 2 loads I was about sick with a boil did but a very little

Letters to Jennie

By Marion Sweeney

The time was August 24, 1862, and Elizur B. Hayden, writing from Granville to his daughter Jennie, a student at Wilbraham Academy, seemed to admonish her gently when he said, in part, "You and Hattie must expect hard fare, and hard work and privations in many ways, but it will do you good. Be thankful you do not have to sleep on the ground as the Soldiers have to, and you must pray to God for their protection and safe return." He could hardly have known that he was speaking of his future son-in-law when he told her that "Mr. Conwell and myself attended a War Meeting at Russell last night and he made a speech that was eulogised by all."

However, Jennie and her friend Hattie Conwell, like all young ladies of 18 and 16, were preoccupied with many things, not the least of which was romance.

It was on the following February 15, that Hattie, now at home in South Worthington, wrote to Jennie asking, "Did you have a valentine yesterday? I did not. No one thinks enough of me to send me one." Happily, Hattie had no need to worry, love was not to pass her by, for only a few years later in 1866 she became the bride of Lyman T. Ring.

A third letter came to Jennie, this time from Springfield and dated December 27,

1863. Although the writer in a P.S. asked that she "Please burn this when you have read it.", who could blame her for treasuring and retaining so tender a missive which reads as follows:

Miss Jennie Hayden,

Dear Miss,

I have no doubt but that you will be as much surprised at the receipt of this letter, as you might have been one day last week, when a certain person presented so abruptly, a question in which the answer involved so much. I have taken the liberty of writing to you without getting your permission, as I feel that an explanation is due to yourself. I suppose that you will think that I am rather young to think seriously of "The Blessed State"; But according to my idea, it is best for both to become well acquainted with each other before anything decisive transpires, hence any time is not too soon to begin an acquaintanceship. Well, among all the fair maidens that it has been my privilege to behold, yourself was the first one that had attracted so strongly. I did not deem it improper to ascertain whether there was any chance for me; and I know of no one who could answer my enquires on that subject as yourself. Therefore I did as I thought best at

the time, though perhaps I acted hastily. If it was impertinent to ask such a question in the manner I did, I would beg a thousand pardons. I think it is best to have everything concerning such a subject to be understood at the first so that no misunderstanding may arise afterwards. I presume that what has transpired between us is known only to ourselves and for my part will remain so. If you see fit to reply to this epistle you will find a stamp enclosed to use in that way or in any

other as you please.

I have the honor to remain
Yours With Respect

William Allis

Despite his humble plea, the ardent William Allis was no match for Hattie's brother Russell, the eloquent "Mr. Conwell" to whom Jennie was married in 1865, in Chicopee Falls at the home of her father, Elizur B. Hayden.

*This from your Affectional Father
Granville Aug 21st 1862 Elizur B. Hayden*

FOOT PRINTS OF MONTGOMERY

What inspires persons to know more about their town's history? In our case it was access to old town maps, records and diaries. It seems some of this should be printed for other people's enjoyment and information, -- and so, after being "in the works" for about six years, "Foot Prints of Montgomery" is being printed.

This book contains the Incorporation of the town, old maps, the first Town Meeting, genealogies of early families, pictures, articles about the church, the schools, the library, Vital Records to 1850, old sayings, rules for making horse liniment, grafting wax, and more.

We thank the many persons who contributed a lot of time in preparing the genealogies and other material, and for sharing treasured pictures for our use.

We have tried to compile these with thought, and trust it is a book you will find worthwhile to own and will give you pleasure to read.

We expect the book to go on sale in June. For more information contact:

Mrs. Mary Smith or Mr. Redford King
Montgomery Historical Society
Montgomery, Mass. 01085

Westfield, 1900

By Percy Wyman

I often think back to how Westfield looked in the early days. Mother and I would peddle eggs and butter then, usually on a Saturday. It took us about two hours to get down there from Blandford, then we would drive around delivering our produce. We got 25 cents a pound for butter the year round, but egg prices changed winter and summer. In late fall and winter eggs were hard to come by. Most of ours were pullet eggs by then, as the old hens would start to lay again in spring, and after laying a dozen or so would want to set anyway. At least they'd try! After delivering we'd go to a certain store to buy all the groceries needed for a week or longer. We'd get 20-25 pounds of sugar for a dollar; coffee was 20-25 cents a pound freshly ground. We'd generally get flour by the barrel when with the team, as at times we drew lumber and wood down and then went to the feed store for grain. Most flour came in barrels in those days, at \$3.50 or so a barrel, and other grains perhaps \$1 a hundred pounds. Well, Westfield's main street, and I mean Elm Street, by the way, had shade trees on each side with hitching posts or poles to tie the horses to. Some people carried weights of cast iron with a four-foot

strap and snap hook to snap into the ring of the bit, instead of tying the horses to posts.

Of course Elm Street had trolleys running both ways, so there were two sets of tracks in the center of the street. It seemed to us one was coming or going one way or the other all the time. There were small trolleys of four wheels and larger ones of eight wheels for the through lines. The small trolleys turned off onto the side streets, and the larger ones went over to Hampton Ponds to the Holyoke line, or quite near there. In the other direction they went over Tatham Hill and on to Springfield, crossing the Connecticut River to Carew Street.

There still was room for a team or carriage to pass on either side, yet one had to watch out if two trolleys passed side by side. Another thing you had to watch out for were the sprinkling carts in summer, as they had pipes on either side full of holes for watering the roads to smother dust. I don't know how many sprinkling carts the city had. It seemed as though everywhere one went there were trolleys and sprinkling carts, so one had to drive with care. If sprinklers had not been used, the dust from trolleys and wagons would fill one's nose and blow in



the houses. Hardly any side streets were paved, and most were very dusty, that's why watering carts were kept busy spraying water all day. Side streets were quite narrow. I think Main Street was paved down to the railroad, and Broad Street out as far as lawyer Ely's house, Franklin Street out aways, and Elm Street over the river to Union Street and around the square by the hotel. As more streets were paved with stone and the edges wore round, the tires on buggies and wagons would loosen if the horse trotted, so we just let the horse walk while driving over cobble-stones. If the tires came loose you'd have to have them reset, which meant going to a blacksmith shop to have the tires removed and reset tight. When autos became common and roads improved, they began making trucks to haul food and goods. By 1926 there were not many work horses in evidence. Later they started to use tar on highways, and with traprock and the steam roller made roads more easily. They put them in fast but they never lasted long, as they would break up in the spring and be full of

potholes. Roads changed fast when autos became more numerous, as they were always getting stuck and it was muddy everywhere. Auto tires didn't have treads like today. Brakes were on the outside of the wheels and always full of water and mud. The road between Woronoco and the Westfield line was the worst piece of road for a long time.

But right here I want to go back and tell how the trolley wires were held in place so well, overhead in the middle of the street. On each side of the street poles were set opposite each other, and the logs bedded deep in the ground, braced well and hitched with wires. Then a cable wire was stretched tight between each trolley wire, and both ends of these wore thimbles made of some insulating material, perhaps ceramic. They were brown and round and made to house the wire ends, so water couldn't get in to wet the wires and blow a fuse. On side streets the trolley ran at one side, so a pole with an arm reached out just far enough to meet. This always had an angle in it to make a stiff brace. It reached the center

of the track and held the trolley wires in place. The trolley ride I enjoyed the most went to Hampton Ponds, as over there each summer Sunday special shows were given. One I remember was the diving pony act, when I was about fifteen years old. The ponies were driven up a steep platform to reach the top, and a trap door dropped to let the ponies drop into a chute and dive into the water. It was about as bad as seeing men ride broncos at the circus today.

Eventually our local trolleys connected with other lines, so a person could go to Holyoke or Northampton; or on beyond Springfield to Worcester; or to Huntington, Blandford, and Lee and change for Pittsfield.

We used to drive to Westfield when the one-ring circus came to town. It was set up over across the river in the meadow at the end of town (across from Notre Dame Street). After the trolleys connected with Springfield we went over to Hampden Park to the three-ringed circus. Barnum and Bailey came there most

every year, and Buffalo Bill, and the Ringling Brothers. Gertrude and I went to Springfield in 1911 the last time Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show came there. Of course horse cars were used in Westfield at first, but only for a few years until electricity was used for power, in 1890 or so. The Trolleys were cheaper, cleaner, and faster.

It was very interesting to see a four horse team, that is two pairs of horses, one ahead of the other, as they moved large pieces of marble from the Westfield Marble Quarry on Dry Bridge Road, through the streets of Westfield to the freight yards. They were, of course, very heavy, and were moved on high wheeled drays. The bodies of the drays were as high as a flat car, and I presume they had a stiff-legged derrick set up in the railroad yard, strong enough to lift each stone. Some stones were also hauled to a mill along the Little River to be sawed there, in a very crude way.

Of course Elm Street was paved with stone in days long gone. All the paving stones were the same size, about four by



Corner Main and Elm Streets, Westfield, Mass.

\$6.50 *SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.* **\$8.50**

TWO GREAT BARGAINS IN SUITS.

\$15.00 SUITS FOR \$8.50.

Seems like a large statement but is true just the same. These are in light colors and a small check and are
PURE WORSTED GOODS.

We secured all there were of them and shall sell them for **\$8.50** so long as they last. All sizes now from 34 to 42.

\$10.00 SUITS FOR \$6.50.

Is Bargain No. 2. These also are in light colors, a stripe, and worsted finish but not all worsted. These we also have in all sizes to 42. These are two of the best values we have ever shown. Come before they are gone.

Brigham, Eaton & Co.,

Men's Outfitters,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

\$6.50 **\$8.50**

six inches at either end and about fourteen inches long. They were laid lengthwise across the street, and laid half-way like bricks, staggered. It must have been a back breaking job to work ten hours a day and earn nine dollars *a week* for pay! I've lifted one or two and they seemed as heavy as lead. I don't see how they got them so smooth lying in the sand bed. In winter the Westfield streets were not plowed like today, but the trolley tracks were always plowed with the snow pushed away from the tracks, making it a hard pull when one's sled and horse crossed them.

The stores in Westfield were very small in those days, as folks raised most of the food they ate and the rest went in trade. Most everything came in barrels or sacks, and most staples were measured, except coffee, tea, flour, sugar, crackers, and cheese. Some of these were weighed. The beef was heavy, not much like today, and we had to cut the quarters in halves as they each weighted about 350 pounds. When you wanted a piece of meat the butcher would lug out a half-quarter and

cut out what you asked for. Beef wasn't cut so close to the bone then, so if you wanted beef for a stew the bones were about half meat anyways. If you wanted a roast the butcher removed most of the bone, and you would have a real roast for 15-18 cents a pound! The stores bought a lot of their meat hogs from local farmers and made their own sausage and put down salt pork. The hams, shoulders, and bacon were put into sweet brine, then after six weeks taken out and smoked. They also tried out lard in a large kettle. People even bought the scraps after the lard was squeezed out. I've heard men say they used everything but the hair and the squeal!

I often look at a picture of the old canal that ran through Westfield on its way from New Haven to Northampton. The picture was taken near the H. B. Smith Foundry; I presume from a pier, as the foundry was shipping castings back then. Many cigars were manufactured and shipped away. Westfield was called "The Whip City" for good reason; so many whips were made in the four

buildings that stood in a row, as I remember. Thousands of wooden whip-butts were made in Blandford, too, a good way to use up the hardwood cut there. It had to be dry, without knots, and the grain had to run straight.

Earlier a bakery had been on the corner where the post office was built later. It sold bread baked on the premises for 5-8 cents a loaf, and a baker's dozen of doughnuts (13) for 10 cents! Bourassa and Hyde made harnesses. Where Elm Cycle is today was Prentiss and Brook Feed Store, and next to that the high school and court house stood. There were two or three saloons on the west side of Elm Street, and as I walked by the doors I saw men sitting on all the stools and heard many loud voices. The largest stores I remember were: Snow and Hays dry goods between the drug store and hotel, also Cooley Brothers, H.S. Eatons men's clothing store. These were on the west side of Elm Street. There were three livery stables that I know of and maybe more. One behind the hotel, Fletcher's, one behind Carrier's Store, and one on Arnold Street. Of restaurants I remember only two: Atwater's upstairs on the east side of Elm, and one in the basement by the corner of Elm and Main Streets. The first time I ate there was the night before Thanksgiving, 1909, and I got a full meal for 25 cents. There were three or four drug stores on Elm Street then, but they just sold drugs, no soda fountains or ice cream. Bryan's Hardware was under Columbia Hall and there was also Gladwin's Hardware. They carried all kinds of round and flat steel, and bags and bags of horse shoes of all sizes; kegs of caulks by the score, all sizes of caulks and horse shoe nails. Different size horses wore different shoes, and front and back shoes were made differently, too, the ones in front being heavier and rounder.

JAMES L. LYNCH,
Hair Dressing Parlors

Razors Honed in First-Class Shape.

Park Square Hotel, WESTFIELD, MASS.

25^{CENTS} GETS A GOOD DINNER

At Atwater's, 33 Elm St.,

OPPOSITE THE POSTOFFICE, UPSTAIRS.

The Neatest, Cleanest and Best Place in Town.

There were many meat carts back then, as without refrigeration one bought just what was needed day by day. People then considered themselves lucky to have an ice refrigerator! The meat carts were built in a special way, with a place to hold a piece of ice on each side. There were stakes on each side of the body bolted strong, and on the inside of these a heavy board ran along. On each board about a foot or so apart were hooks screwed to the board. Across the top and down each side a tight canvas cover was stretched, like the prairie schooners. Across the back of the body bed was a hardwood block, six by eight feet, to lay meat on while being sawed or chopped with a cleaver. The beef sold was mostly all heavy beef in those days, as corn was cheap. Beef was not fattened like today. A lot of green meat was sold from carts, killed one day and sold the next. The native beef was much cheaper, though not as tender as what had been aged and was sold in butcher shops. This peddled meat was not aged, didn't require much handling or refrigeration and could be sold cheaper.

The ice carts were similar and had a bell that would ring. They sold ice in 5 cent and 10 cent pieces. A band of boys always followed along behind, keeping out of the way, but getting the ice chips that the iceman chipped off, when he

went into the house to deliver. No one ever knew where the ice was cut. I presume many tons came from frog ponds. It was never examined to see whether the water was pure. People did not have concrete walls and floors in cellars, and in the country most everyone had a spring of cold water somewhere that would keep milk or butter sweet a week or more.

Back in my younger days you could buy yeast in the store, but a man named Kelso also delivered it to one's door. He used to have it in barrels to sell by measure. After we got the yeast home Mother would put it in a crock and add boiled potatoes. This crock was kept down cellar on the floor where it was cool. The yeast had to be replaced every few weeks.

In those days a team came from the Springfield Rendering Company to gather hides and scraps from beef and hogs from the stores. He'd be at the livery stables behind the Westfield Hotel about 10 a.m., and I'd meet him there when I worked for Peebles. He had just an open wagon filled with barrels, and a hanging scales to weigh the barrel I'd hauled down that day.

They had quite a large grist mill on the other side of the river, called the Great River Mill. Later on, flour from the

West was probably shipped in by train. Fletchers had a grist mill in Southwick, and you could get rye, buckwheat, and corn meal all ground there. Father always took our rye and buckwheat there to be ground into flour. It was stone ground by water power. We'd get about two barrels of flour from three-quarters acre of rye, and a half barrel of buckwheat flour, besides middlings for pigs in the sty. In Westfield on this side of the river was a box shop where Father sold his lumber. They only paid \$12 a thousand board feet for lumber then, and for round edge lumber not as much, not over \$10.

The first A & P store in Westfield in 1900 or so was upstairs over Crotty Drug Store on Elm Street. They had only two small rooms and only sold tea and coffee and all kinds of spices. Mother and I often went there as their prices were lower than elsewhere. The rooms were in the back part of the building because rent was cheaper there.

Over the Bryan Hardware Store was Columbia Hall which later was a movie house. I went there to see the *Birth of a Nation*, an after-the-Civil-War picture, in the winter of 1915.

There was a big hotel on Elm Street on the south side of what was then Fletchers Horse Stable.

~ 9 CENT SALE ~

OPENS JULY 31ST, AND
CONTINUES FOR 10 DAYS

STEIGER DRY GOODS CO.,

WESTFIELD, - - - MASS.



Evelyn Jensen

By Natalie Birrell

Some people seem to look forward to their retirement years as a time to do their true life's work after having finished with the hum-drum business of earning a living. You meet them still eagerly seizing each day and drawing from each moment an observation of artful significance. Such a septuagenarian is Evelyn Jensen, poet and singer, who may be known better to the residents of area nursing homes than to the rest of us.

Evelyn went to Emerson College, where she majored in dramatics. In those days it was called elocution. Graduates were trained to do monologues as well as to act in plays. She also studied vocal music, learning how to project her singing as well as her speaking voice.

However, she didn't immediately find a place to use her education because she had to earn a living in some available position. Too independent to consider marriage, she went to work at a Holyoke paper company in the office and remained there until she retired at age sixty-five. She did have some singing and dramatic students who appeared on the radio on a program called *The Topsy Turvy Town*, broadcast from Springfield.

At retirement she bought a second hand trailer and lived in a park at the bend in The Westfield River. From there she made the observations which resulted in her first book - *Verses from a Bend in*

the River and Beyond.

Her poems are derived from observation and include a strong imagery which makes them memorable. For example, her *Little Glacier*:

*Behold! a little glacier
on the rocky hill;
formed by melting winter snows,--
stopped by winter's chill.
Can't you see that ancient ice
thru long ages past,
sweeping down from arctic plains,
holding the hillside fast?
Like the little glacier
following nature's law
it descended into the valleys
with boulders locked in its jaw.*

Another book, *Forever Young*, has been copyrighted and is available for \$3.00. If you would like a copy send a check to Evelyn Jensen, c/o *Stone Walls*, Box 85, Huntington, MA. 01050.

She uses her books as a bit of lasting cheer when she visits nursing homes in the Westfield area. As a member of the Golden Choraliers she sings with the group and as a soloist. I've heard her friends express amazement that such a voice could come from such a slightly built, seemingly frail woman. Would that the seventies could be like this for all of us.



FLYING GRASSHOPPERS

*Big brown grasshoppers
jump so far --
just like a kangaroo.
But I saw one with wings
and when it took off
that's when it really flew!
It kicked its feet
for a fast jet start,
then I saw its wings unfold.
They were yellow and black
and crimped like a fan.
It sure was a sight to behold!
"If cows had wings"
my grandma said,
"they would look pretty silly"
and grasshoppers
with their funny wings
just get there "willy-nilly."*

from VERSES FROM A BEND IN THE RIVER
ABD BEYOND by Evelyn Jensen





THE BAGWORM

*Look and see
this bug in the tree
that lives in a trailer
like you and me.*

*The little worm makes
a cocoon, then takes
tiny strips of bark, --
but its shingles are fakes!*

*It hides, to be sure,
and no one can lure
this hermit from its home
where it is secure.*

*Like a ghost, alack!
doomed to carry a pack
it travels with its house
strapped onto its back.*

From *VERSES FROM A BEND IN THE RIVER
AND BEYOND* by Evelyn Jensen



An Irreverent Look at our Forebears

By Barbara McCorkindale

Every public library has in its collection of reference works a group of volumes, musty and stiff with disuse, which faithfully record the history of the towns and cities in the library's immediate surroundings. For those who have ancestors among the early settlers, these books may serve as a means of tracing the family line, as page after page of "begats", like those in the Bible, are dutifully recorded. In general, these histories mention only the prominent families and the noteworthy deeds performed by their members. The one thing that the reader can be certain of is that only virtue will be taken note of, and, as we all know, when absorbed in large doses, virtue can become terribly boring! One day I was yawning my way through a dreary tome entitled (believe it or not) *HISTORY OF THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY IN MASSACHUSETTS, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SOME OF ITS PROMINENT MEN AND PIONEERS*, Vol. II as published in 1879 in Philadelphia by J. P. Lippincott. As I was gradually being snowed under by account after account of sterling citizens and their industry and altruism, my glance fell upon a segment entitled "*Noteworthy Incidents*," and I awoke to realize that our ancestors were, after all, human, and one of the editors of this book -- bless his heart! -- had actually taken it upon himself to record some of the down-to-earth events of the past which do NOT reflect with glory upon our forebears. It is with delight that I now present to you some gleanings from these spicy old records.

From the history of the town of Granville which is replete with upright and honorable men, I pluck what surely was a black sheep in the otherwise virtuous family of Thomas Spelman: "Daniel, the fourth son (of Thomas) was one of a band of counterfeiters, who in 1770, occupied a cave in Granville, where they manufactured spurious coin and passed it off on the Indians. Daniel was captured and lodged in jail whence he escaped, and settled in Providence, R.I., where he raised a large family. After an absence of forty years he returned to Granville where he died at the age of ninety, never having been troubled more with reference to his counterfeiting proclivities."

The town of Blandford in its early years evidently had a reputation for being "high" not merely due to its elevation above sea level! We are told, "Temperance was at a discount in those early days. From the records it is learned that at town meetings the inhabitants frequently took a recess of an hour for the purpose of refreshing themselves at the tavern. Tradition says that the man who could drink the most and walk the straightest was a hero. Strong drink was indeed a favorite beverage with the ancient Blandfordites, and no family arrangement was supposed to be complete without a liberal standing supply." Even the officials of the church appeared to share the tippling habits of the town, as the account continues: "In 1797 when the ecclesiastical council assembled at Blandford...Mr. Root provided the members of the council with accommodations at his house, and a town vote taken about that time appropriated to Mr. Root...money... 'for the strong Drink that the Council

drink while they are Hear on our Business.' ”

Nor does the town of Russell escape without a blot (or at least a small smudge) upon its escutcheon. It can be safely stated, after examining the account in this volume, that the early town fathers were a bit short on the milk of human kindness. Or perhaps they had not had much practice in dealing with public welfare. We are informed that “The first pauper mentioned in the records was Mary Stebbins, and she seemed to give the town much concern, and was, moreover, a burden upon it from 1805 to 1821. In the first-named year it was decided to sell Mary Stebbins ‘at the loest bider for fore months,’ and Stephen Hughes got the contract for keeping her, at three shillings per week.” Continuing with Russell’s welfare problems, we learn, “A record was made in 1814 of Mary Stebbins being bid off to John A. Mallory at eighty-five cents each week, and in 1816 the town voted that the selectmen should not give more than ninety cents per week for keeping Mary Stebbins. The prices for the necessities of life must have been low in 1821, for in that year Squire Palmer kept Mary Stebbins for forty-seven cents per week, and, as the records make no later mention of Mary Stebbins, it is to be inferred that she passed out of existence about that time. She appears to have been the only pauper the town had for many years, although under date of 1821 mention is made that Andrew Mallory was allowed \$61.80 for keeping his father and mother one year. Under date of March, 1817, it was voted ‘not to allow the cost of digging up Miss Harris.’” Who Miss Harris was and why anyone should want to dig her up for any price may remain forever a mystery!

The records of the town of Montgomery bear witness to an even more scandalous matter concerning a welfare case. We are informed: “A sensational incident in the history of the town came to light in January, 1879, when Mrs. Louise Avery was arrested upon the charge of murder, in having caused, it was alleged, the death of Mrs. Betsey Wright, an aged town pauper, whom Mrs. Avery undertook to support at town expense, and whom -- so the story ran -- she whipped to death in a fit of rage.”

The use of the word *alleged* should be carefully noted here. At the time the historical volume was published, 1879, the case had evidently not yet come to court, and it is possible that the accused in this case was not found guilty. However, it does appear that “paupers” in the olden days were not the object of our ancestors’ most generous and kindly inclinations.

In yet another town, tragedy and stern justice prevailed in two incidents which today would be looked upon with some degree of compassion. “In 1780 a girl called Becky Taylor, living in Chester, murdered her child to conceal her own shame, and for the crime she was, not long afterward, hung at Northampton.” Probably to conceal the taint of disgrace, there is no name given to the tragic young woman in this next account: “In 1790 another girl, betrayed by an early settler, committed suicide, and according to an old English law, her body was buried on the public highway, in the old village of Chester, at the nearest cross-roads, and there it is likely, her remains lie at this day.” Still another hundred years have elapsed since those words were written, but they doubtless apply even now!

The last sample I shall pluck from this assortment of *Noteworthy Incidents* is of a less depressing nature; in fact this little story might even be classified as having romantic overtones, although at the time of the events an aura of scandal must have prevailed. Once more, the setting is the town of Chester. (What a busy little community this must have been!) "It is related that a party of prisoners taken by the Americans at Burgoyne's surrender halted at what is now Chester Centre, *en route* to Boston, and were confined in the Congregational Church for the night. Among the inhabitants who assembled for a curious glance at them was pretty Fannie Holland, from the north end, and it appears that her charms so smote one of the prisoners, David Cross, a Scotchman, that upon his arrival at Worcester he managed to escape from imprisonment by means of a forged pass, made his way back to Chester, sought out Fannie, became her suitor, and eventually

won her for his bride." We are told that the couple moved to Washington, Mass., to set up housekeeping and, without a doubt, to escape the gossiping tongues of the bride's native town!

As I leaf once more through the yellow pages of this musty volume, about to close it forever, my eye is caught by the imposing portrait of Watson E. Boise of Blandford. With what a stern and uncompromising expression he glares out at me from page 1077! Like Ozymandias he seems to be saying, "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" But I am no longer to be intimidated by the self-righteous stares in the portraits of our forebears. I stare right back. And as I gaze into those steely eyes, it seems to me that I can detect the slightest hint of a twinkle. Aha! Watson E. Boise, I have learned your secret! You were human too!



Our Changing Birdlife

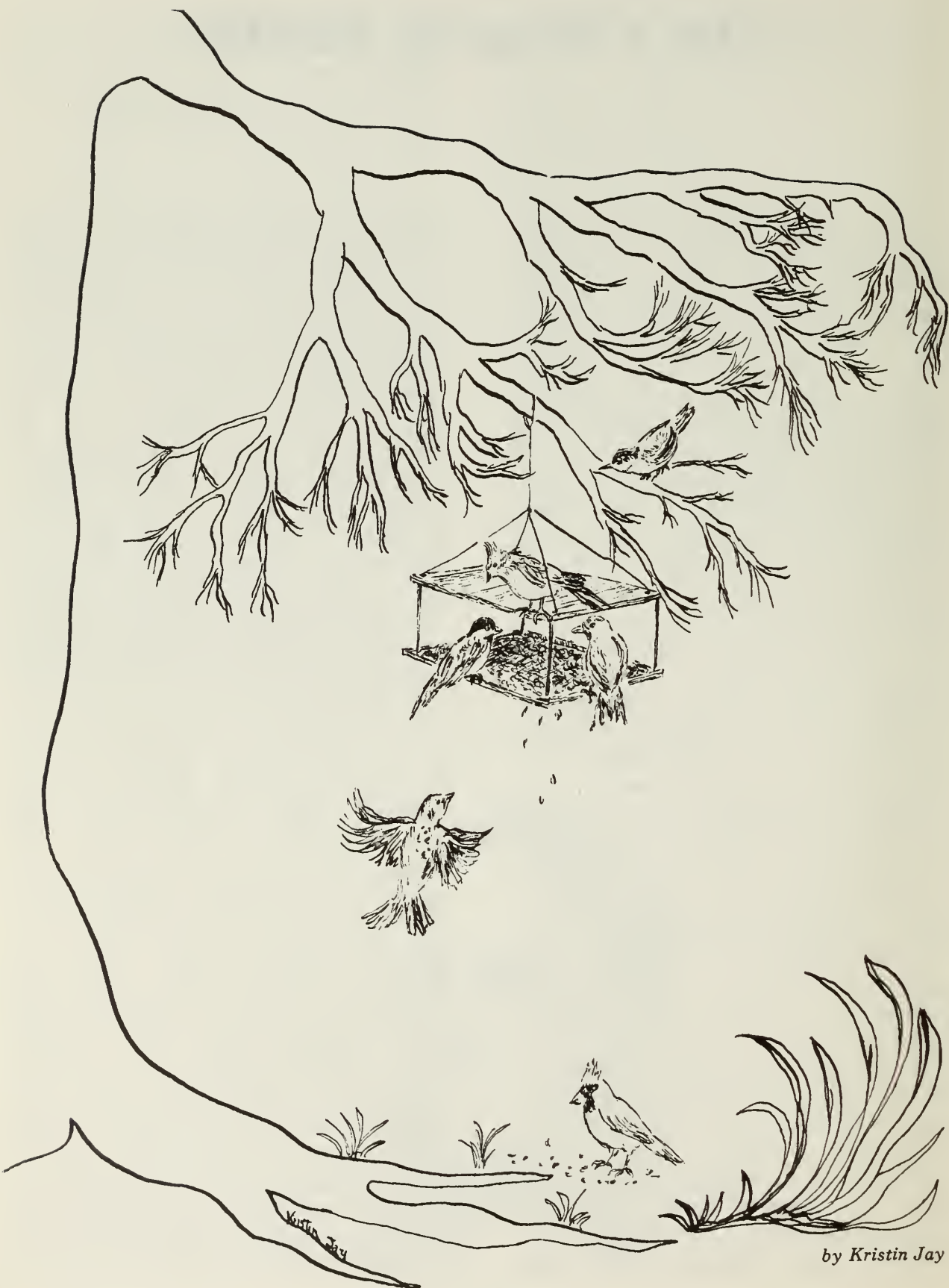
By Seth Kellogg

Their graceful mastery of the air stirs our imaginations, the flash of their colors dazzles our sense of beauty, and their mysterious feats of migration challenge our curiosity. Add to this the amazing variety of shapes and sizes, and of behavior - from feeding to courtship, nestbuilding, and raising of young - and you have the world of birds. Our earth is replete with opportunities for life, and these winged feathered creatures have evolved to seize those opportunities in a myriad of ways. Humanity is now the conscious pinnacle of that diversity, and I believe our greatest purpose and joy is to "dress and keep" that balanced abundance of life. A simple cherishing of that balance is what is left to us of paradise, as well as the key to regaining what we have lost. The key has been placed in our hands again; may we use it wisely.

Diversity and change is the hallmark of bird life in the Westfield River Valley, but the problems of imbalance are here as well. For example, more than a century ago, when much of even our mountain-sides was cleared, and meadows and pastures dominated the scene, then a number of grass and prairie species colonized the area. Such species as the Mourning Dove, Bluebird, Bobwhite, Meadowlark, Cowbird, Bobolink, Grasshopper, Savannah, and Vesper Sparrow, Sedge Wren, Horned Lark, Upland Sandpiper, and others established themselves as common breeders in New England. Original forest species like the warblers and thrushes were much

reduced, through not eliminated. Now, with the decline of agriculture in general, and recently of even meadow agriculture as well, many of these grassland species are diminished or disappeared, and the woodland birds again dominate.

The imbalances wrought by man can also be more damaging, such as environmental abuse, overharvesting of game birds, shorebirds, and waterfowl, and the persecution of raptors. Thirty years ago I viewed the sad sight of a hawk corpse hanging by its talons from a tree, and the proud shooter showing it off to all the neighborhood boys. This is not just an example of the savage thrill of domination. Such abuse results from short-sighted ignorance and indifference, and is justified by our single minded pursuit of "progress." By 1900 breeders like the Wild Turkey, Bobwhite Quail, Passenger Pigeon, Heath Hen, Wood Duck, Black Duck, Canada Goose, and Hooded Merganser, were gone or nearly gone from the region. Disappeared as well were almost all of the 40 or more species of migrant waders, ducks, and shorebirds. Wanton shooting decimated the 10 or so species of raptors, which were lumped together as "chicken hawks", and whose loss did many times more damage to farming than the theft of a stray chicken. Most of the hawks that were killed were rodent hunters, not bird eaters. However, the greatest imbalance of all was and is too many people living too high, consuming and wasting every resource and all living space in an orgy of



by Kristin Jay

comfort and status.

In contrast to this is the simple joy of studying and experiencing the intricate life around us, including the world of birds. We could list 123 difference species of birds now breeding in the region, ranging in abundance from only a few pairs to many thousands. There are thirty-five of these which are year-round residents, and seven of these are also transient visitors.

COMMON AND WIDESPREAD

Ruffed Grouse
Rock Dove
Mourning Dove
Hairy Woodpecker
Downy Woodpecker
Blue Jay
Crow
Chickadee
Titmouse
White-breasted Nuthatch
Mockingbird
Starling
House Sparrow
Cardinal
Goldfinch
Song Sparrow

UNCOMMON AND LOCAL

Mallard Duck
Common Merganser
Goshawk
Redtailed Hawk
Kestrel
Wild Turkey
Pheasant
Screech Owl
Great Horned Owl
Barred Owl
Saw-whet Owl
Pileated Woodpecker
Redbellied Woodpecker
Red-breasted Nuthatch
Brown Creeper
Golden-crowned Kinglet
White-throated Sparrow
Junco
House Finch

The Rock Dove, Starling, House Sparrow, and Pheasant are all introduced species, not native to North America. The first three have become vermin, thriving around human habitations, numbers unchecked by proper predation, and driving out native species such as the Bluebird and Flicker. The Pheasant is a mostly stocked game bird that has replaced the native extirpated Bobwhite. The Mallard Duck, Red-bellied Woodpecker, Titmouse, Mockingbird, and House Finch are southern or western species that have moved into the valley in the last thirty years. The Redbelly is the most recent, having arrived about 1976, and only a few pairs are now nesting in Westfield and Southwick. The others



have spread everywhere but the high hill country. The Mallard has replaced the Black Duck as our stream and pondside breeding duck, and winter flocks congregate in a few lowland spots, depending on weather and food supply. With the cleaning of the Westfield River, The Common Merganser has recently returned as a breeding bird and continues to winter on the lower river.

Still rare, the Goshawk is a fast, large bird predator which moved in from the north to replace the smaller forest-loving Cooper's Hawk. The Cooper's was once very common, but shooting and pesticides wiped it out here. The sky-soaring Redtail, slow and conspicuous, was also shot out, but it has now recovered its numbers. The pretty Kestrel is our smallest raptor, a falcon nesting in hollow dead trees in open country, but it is also declining due to pesticides and tree "clean up" campaigns. The Barred, Great Horned, and Screech Owls are the nighttime counterparts of these three hawk species with about the same status, except that the Barred Owl did not share the Cooper's Hawk's fate and is still common.

The last true Massachusetts Wild Turkey was shot on Mt. Tom in 1850. After many attempts and failures, they were reintroduced successfully ten years ago. Almost all our Turkeys are now descended from about thirty hardy Pennsylvania wild birds that were trapped there and then released in Beartown State Forest in Monterey. They now are spreading through the upper valley. The remaining five species on the list are all hill dwellers restricted to specialized habitats. The large, spectacular Pileated Woodpecker inhabits mature forests only, while the others can be quite common as migrants and winterers, coming from their principal range in more northern

latitudes.

The next group of breeders could be called half-hardy, all spending winters in the southern United States and arriving in New England in March or April and leaving in October or November. A few individuals of some of these species even attempt to winter here, and some so succeed in milder years or when food is available. There are also thirty-five in this group.

COMMON AND WIDESPREAD

Flicker
Sapsucker
Phoebe
Tree Swallow
Thrasher
Robin
Hermit Thrush
Cedar Waxwing
Solitary Vireo
Red-winged Blackbird
Meadowlark
Grackle
Towhee
Field Sparrow
Chipping Sparrow
Swamp Sparrow

UNCOMMON AND LOCAL

Great Blue Heron
American Bittern
Virginia Rail
Canada Goose
Black Duck
Wood Duck
Turkey Vulture
Red-shouldered Hawk
Killdeer
Woodcock
Kingfisher
Winter Wren
Bluebird
Yellow-rumped Warbler
Pine Warbler
Purple Finch
Savannah Sparrow
Vesper Sparrow

The Sapsucker, Hermit Thrush, and Solitary Vireo are restricted to the hill country, and have been increasing as the forests grow and mature. There are Great Blue Heron rookeries in Otis and Becket which are watched closely by Massachusetts Fish and Wildlife officials. There are about twenty pairs in the heronries, and they feed extensively in the valley at swamps and beaver ponds. At least two pairs of American Bitterns nest in Blandford swamps and perhaps elsewhere in the valley, but both this species and the smaller and less conspicuous Virginia Rail are probably declining generally due to loss of wetlands. The Canada Goose has established itself as a breeder in the valley from a plant of birds in the Knightville area about eight years ago. The Wood Duck is now only holding its own after recovering from its total extirpation of eighty years ago.

The Turkey Vulture is another southern species expanding into our area in the last twenty years. A few now nest on steep wooded hillsides or cliffs in the area, and they are often seen in the mid-day sky, soaring and tilting in a constant search for carrion. The Red-shouldered Hawk feeds on reptiles and amphibians and breeds close to beaver ponds. Their numbers are much reduced from earlier times and they continue to be an endangered species. Shooting, pesticides, and the scarcity of beavers are the main problems. The most spectacular raptor of all, the Peregrine Falcon, nested on cliffs in the region, particularly Mt. Tekoa, until 1950. Their ability to lay eggs and reproduce was destroyed by DDT spraying. A project to restore this, our largest and fastest falcon to the Eastern United States has recently met with some success. Artificially raised/released birds in New Jersey and New Hampshire have



now matured and raised young in those places.

Moist field and meadows are home to the noisy Killdeer and the grotesque but fascinating Woodcock, the latter a game bird. The dusk mating flight of the Woodcock is a marvel of sight and sound. So is the rattle of the Kingfisher as it patrols the streams and visits its nest burrow in the sandy bank. The Winter Wren, Yellow-rumped Warbler, and Purple Finch are quite limited as nesters, associated with evergreen woods in the higher country. The tiny wren sings a long and beautiful song from its favorite haunt in a wooded ravine with fallen trees. The Pine Warbler and Vesper Sparrow are extremely rare and may soon disappear, nesting only around Barnes Airport in the pitch pines and the sandy fields. The Bluebird is everyone's sentimental favorite. A few hang on now in the hills away from the scourge of the Starling and House Sparrow. It will completely disappear unless houses are provided for it and these foreign pests kept from using them.

The last group of fifty-three nesting species all migrate a great distance, spending our winter months in the tropics. They are primarily insectivorous, and include many of the wood warblers, flycatchers, and swallows.

COMMON AND WIDESPREAD

Kingbird
 Crested Flycatcher
 Least Flycatcher
 Wood Pewee
 Barn Swallow
 House Wren
 Catbird
 Wood Thrush
 Veery
 Red-eyed Vireo
 Black and White Warbler
 Blue-winged Warbler
 Yellow Warbler
 Chestnut-sided Warbler
 Black-throated Green Warbler
 Black-throated Blue Warbler
 Blackburnian Warbler
 Prairie Warbler
 Ovenbird
 Yellowthroat
 Canada Warbler
 Redstart
 Bobolink
 Northern Oriole
 Scartlet Tanager
 Rose-breasted Grosbeak
 Indigo Bunting

UNCOMMON AND LOCAL

Green Heron
 Broad-winged Hawk
 Spotted Sandpiper
 Chimney Swift
 Hummingbird
 Yellow-billed Cuckoo
 Black-billed Cuckoo
 Whip-poor-will
 Nighthawk
 Willow Flycatcher
 Alder Flycatcher
 Acadian Flycatcher
 Cliff Swallow
 Bank Swallow
 Rough-Winged Swallow
 Blue-Gray Gnatcatcher
 Yellow-throated Vireo
 Warbling Vireo
 Worm-eating Warbler
 Golden-winged Warbler
 Nashville Warbler
 Magnolia Warbler
 Louisiana Water-thrush
 Northern Water-thrush
 Orchard Oriole
 Grasshopper Sparrow

Each species has a distinctive niche into which it fits for nesting and feeding, even though certain families share similar appearances and habits. The seven flycatchers all perch erect and make forays to catch flying insects. The swallows all seize their prey in flight, and they are often seen resting together on wires. The thrushes search for bugs on the forest floor and the vireos and warblers glean the foliage of trees and bushes. Some of these birds are extremely abundant, for instance the Catbird, Wood Thrush, Veery, Red-eyed Vireo, Ovenbird, and Yellowthroat. Some have undergone drastic changes in their numbers. The

Blue-winged Warbler has expanded its range from the south to displace its close cousin, the Golden-winged Warbler, which is now practically absent from the area. These two are so close in habits and song, though quite different in looks, that they interbreed and produce two distinctive looking hybrids. The Willow Flycatcher, is beginning to press the Alder Flycatcher, two species which look alike and prefer the same thicket habitats, but whose songs are different enough to prevent interbreeding. The Alder likes wetter areas, and its stronghold is in the hills, while the Willow is more common in the lowlands. The acadian is another looka-

like to these two, and has just arrived from the south as a breeder in the last two years. It is as yet very rare, associated with ravines, small streams, and hemlocks. The Blue-gray Gnatcatcher likes oaks, and has also just recently expanded from the south.

Cliff Swallows build their mud nests under the eaves of barns in colonies, but they are severely harrassed by House Sparrows and are now very few in number. The Bank Swallow is also colonial, found in a few suitable clay sandpits where they dig out their own nesting holes. The Rough-winged Swallow is much less sociable and seeks out a single hole in a bridge abutment or dam spillway. The Yellow-throated and Warbling Vireos are very susceptible to pesticide spraying and have only slowly recovered from the DDT wipeouts of the 40's and 50's. The Worm-eating Warbler and Orchard Oriole are both rare, remaining in small stable numbers at the northern limit of their range. The former inhabits steep hillsides, and the later suburban shade trees.

The Green Heron and Spotted Sandpiper are restricted to the banks and marshes of the lower river valley. Both are threatened by continued development and pollution there. Most people are familiar with the specialized characteristics of the Hummingbird and Chimney Swift, but the cuckoos and goatsuckers are equally unusual and less well known. The latter family includes the Whip-poor-will and Nighthawk, and they get their family name because of the belief that these rather large mysterious birds sucked the milk of domestic goats at night. They are active at dusk and in the evening, catching insects in their broad mouths as they fly. The incessant night calling of the Whip-poor-will is heard less often each year from farm woodlots, and the

Nighthawk nests only in Westfield and West Springfield on the flat gravelled roofs of large buildings. The cuckoos are found only during outbreaks of hairy caterpillars, such as gypsy moth larva, which they devour with relish. They move en masse from year to year to new areas, and being very secretive are seldom seen.

Finally the Broad-winged Hawk is the last of our three resident soaring hawks which were decimated by shooting. Since they are a forest feeder they have recovered substantially, and can now be counted in the thousands as they glide south in the fall on their way to the tropics. Their daytime flight is one of the few migration spectacles that can actually be witnessed.

There are a great number of species (82) found in the valley which do not nest here, most passing through on their way to and from their northern breeding grounds. The plains, forests, and tundra of Canada are the summer home for most of the waterfowl and shorebirds of North America. These birds spend the winter along the Gulf and Atlantic Coasts. Their populations were vastly reduced by 1900 due to over-harvesting, and they have only partially recovered their former numbers. Now pollution and development pressures prevent them from further increases, and in some cases they are again losing the battle against human excesses. The changing status of these birds in our region corresponds exactly to this pattern. They are now visiting our lakes, ponds, and rivers in small stable numbers after having been absent for fifty years and abundant in the 1800s. Only a few of the following forty-four species are at all common in spring and fall, primarily March-April and October-November for the waterfowl, while May and August-September is the time for waders and shorebirds.

WATERFOWL

Common Loon
Pied-billed Grebe
Horned Grebe
Red-necked Grebe
Snow Goose
American Wigeon
Pintail
Gadwall
Green-winged Teal
Blue-winged Teal
Ring-necked Duck
Red-headed Duck
Canvasback
Greater Scaup
Lesser Scaup
Goldeneye
Bufflehead
Oldsquaw
White-winged Scoter
Surf Scoter
Black Scoter
Ruddy Duck
Hooded Merganser
Red-breasted Merganser
Coot

GULLS, WADERS, SHOREBIRDS

Double-Crested Cormorant
Great Egret
Snowy Egret
Black-crowned Night Heron
Sora Rail
Semiplumbed Plover
Golden Plover
Black-bellied Plover
Snipe
Solitary Sandpiper
Greater Yellowlegs
Lesser Yellowlegs
Pectoral Sandpiper
Least Sandpiper
Semipalmated Sandpiper
Herring Gull
Great Black-backed Gull
Ring-billed Gull

Some of these ducks once even bred here and may again since they have re-established themselves not far to the north and east. These include the Common Loon, Pied-billed Grebe, Green-winged

and Blue-winged Teal, Ring-necked Duck, Goldeneye, Hooded Merganser, Coot, Sora Rail, and Snipe. These species also tend to stay with us longer when they do visit our ponds, especially in the fall. The occurrence of most waterfowl is associated with rain, fog, or high winds, which makes them drop down to rest before continuing on in a day or two to the coast. Some of the places they are found are the Congamond Lakes in Southwick, Hampton Ponds in Westfield, Cooley Lake and Park Reservoir in Granville, Cobble Mt. and Borden Brook Reservoirs in Blandford and Norwich Lake in Huntington.

The Snow Goose is noted mostly in day or nighttime overflights of noisy flocks which can number many thousand. Six of the duck species are dabblers, the Wigeon, Pintail, Gadwall, both Teals, and Coot, which feed by tipping to reach vegetation on shallow pond bottoms. They also are found feeding in open fields. The other are diving ducks, going under water to find their favorite fish.

Cormorants fly over in flocks like geese, and sometimes a few can be found on the lower river in summer along with the majestic egrets and Night Heron. The latter and the Sora Rail are marsh birds that once nested here, but disappeared due to human encroachment and pollution. The egrets visit us after their breeding season in the south. It was their wholesale destruction for the plumes which once decorated ladies' hats that prompted the regulation of bird harvesting. But even now we are destroying the marsh birds' last remaining homes with garbage, pavement, and run-off in West Springfield, Westfield, and Agawam.

Very limited numbers of plovers and sandpipers visit favored rain pools, drained ponds, and river edges as well as wet, cut-over corn fields. The Snipe likes

the tall grasses of west meadows. The gulls love mankind, or more precisely mankind's trash. Dumps in Westfield and Agawam are the gulls' main source of food here, particularly in the winter. They were very rare thirty years ago, but now they overwhelm by sheer numbers other species like terns when they compete for nesting places on coastal islands.

The second group of migrants are landbirds that also nest in the Canadian forests, some going all the way to the tropics for the winter, and some actually visiting us for that season. There are thirty-nine species in this category.

HARDY MIGRANTS

Sharpshin Hawk
Cooper's Hawk
Rough-legged Hawk
Bald Eagle
Osprey
Northern Harrier
Merlin
Horned Lark
Ruby-crowned Kinglet
Water Pipit
Northern Shrike
Orange-crowned Warbler
Palm Warbler
Rusty Blackbird
Evening Grosbeak
Pine Grosbeak
Redpoll
Pine Siskin
Red Crossbill
White-winged Crossbill
Tree Sparrow
White-crowned Sparrow
Fox Sparrow
Lincoln's Sparrow
Snow Bunting

TROPICAL MIGRANTS

Olive-sided Flycatcher
Yellow-bellied Flycatcher
Grey-cheeked Thrush
Swainson's Thrush
Philadelphia Vireo
Tennessee Warbler
Parula Warbler
Cape-May Warbler
Blackpoll Warbler
Baybreasted Warbler
Connecticut Warbler
Mourning Warbler
Wilson's Warbler

The first two hawks listed are accipiters, the last a falcon, and these three are all fast flying bird predators. The Sharpshin is by far the most numerous of this group of raptors, and a few stay here all winter to menace feeders. The Roughlegged and Harrier are rodent hunting birds of the open tundra and marshes. The first now visits us in small numbers during winters when their prey is scarce up north. It was once very common in season but being slow and conspicuous suffered greatly from shooting. The Harrier once nested but has long since lost its wetland habitats. The Bald Eagle and Osprey are lovers of fish, and next to the Peregrine they have been the most decimated by pesticides. They have now stabilized, but they can never regain their former numbers due to loss of habitat. They once nested along our ponds and rivers and we can still hope a few may again some day. The Eagle is rare even on migration, but the Osprey is fairly common. A final bird of prey is the Northern Shrike, another ferocious bird eater that visits us irregularly in the winter.

The Ruby-crowned Kinglet is an abundant October migrant, our smallest species next to the Hummingbird. The Horned Lark and Pipit feed in flocks on corn fields and the Rusty Blackbird flocks in swamps, their nesting habitat in the north. The Lark stays all winter thanks to farmers spreading manure on the snow. The next group of species listed is called the northern finches, all of which come to us irregularly in the winter whenever the northern cone crop fails. The Evening Grosbeak is present every year in varying numbers. They are all flocking birds with distinctive calls as they fly over the snowy frozen landscape, at home in the harshest weather. The Tree Sparrow and Snow Bunting are very similar to the finches, except that they prefer weed seeds found on the ground instead of tree seeds. The other three sparrows move through on their way south to warmer climes.

The last group eats insects and goes farther south to the tropics for their non-breeding season. Of these only the Swainson's Thrush, Tennessee, Parula,

Blackpoll, and Bay-breasted Warblers are at all common. In spring the presence of these warblers can be told by their unceasing chorus of song filling the treetops, as the birds move through in waves, stocking up energy by day for their great night flights. Most of this group is at the southern limit of their range here, and can be found summering in "spruce islands" scattered about the high mountains of western Massachusetts.

To the list of the 205 regular species found in the Westfield River Valley can be added a number that are rare or accidental to a greater or lesser degree. An active bird student can expect to add about 20 of these to his observed list over the course of a year. The confirmed number of these rarities for the region is 88, making the valley systematic list total 293. Besides, the challenge and thrill of finding such rarities, the bird student has much to learn and experience about the breeding, migration, and behavior of the birds that occur here. All one has to do is go out and look.



Genealogical Queries

Would like to hear from descendants of any of the families of Gardners, who were first settlers in Worthington who migrated there from Hingham in the 1760s.

Mrs. Anne Gardner
590 Sunset Drive
Hendersonville, N.C. 28739

Would like to correspond with descendants of Eunice Gardner Miller and William Perkins of Huntington, Mass.

Mrs. Anne Gardner
590 Sunset Drive
Hendersonville, N.C. 28739

I wish to learn more about my grandmother Mary Brown Starkweather, her sisters and brothers, their names, married names. I know some of them, but very much wish to know more.

Mrs. Henrietta Fowler
West Cummington, Mass. 01026

Need information on Solomon Searls born 1779 (Southampton) died 1860 in Bennington, VT.

Mrs. Thelma Wells
Frost Road
Washington, Mass. 01223

Who was Abigail Parkman Lloyd? Born in Boston 1743. Wife of Thomas Lloyd. Died in Granville Feb. 21, 1776. A new stone has been erected in her memory. What brought her to Granville at such an early date? Foote descendants in Chester take Notice!

Granville Historical Museum
Granville, Mass. 01034

Our Readers Write us

Dear *Stone Walls*,

After painting kitchen cabinets today I sat with great weariness this evening, but then opened our newly arrived *Stone Walls* and at once I forgot being tired and am excited at your promise of a genealogical section in coming issues - you couldn't have pleased me more!!

My husband came to my home in Beauport county, S.C. in 1942 when he was serving with the Yankee Div; he is a native of Westfield and I fell in love with the people and that section since my first visit many years ago. My father-in-law, Milton Gardner, was a plumber in Westfield for many years and it is with regret that I did not pay more attention to his desire to learn of his ancestors, tho I did write down what he did know of them. At that time the ancestor chasing bug had not struck me.

In 1973 my husband fell heir to Electa Miller Gardner's diaries of 1880-1890 inclusive, and those diaries did it! Electa was born in 1813 in Huntington (Knightville) and lived most of her married life, I believe, in the house now owned by Hank and Aileen Lee. It gave me quite a turn to visit the Lees and to be aware that those walls were Electa's, etc.

Electa's husband, William Gardner, (my husband's great-grandfather) was born in 1814, I do not know whether in Huntington or Worthington; he was one of ten children and we know of no other descendants of the other nine children. Electa had a brother, William Perkins Miller, of whose descendants we know nothing - hence my queries.

Beverly Marotte has been the greatest help to me, she found some information on the earliest (to Norwich) William Miller which was the key to finding his parentage.

We have several lovely pieces of furniture in our home that were once of Knightville and I say this so you will know my interest is sincere and acute and every word you print about your area is treasured!

We have a friendship quilt of Electa's. Several years ago I sent a picture of it and a list of names written on it to *Stone Walls* hoping, perhaps, to find some interest, genealogically, but did not.*

Thank you for your efforts with the magazine and here's hoping it will continue to bring as much pleasure to others as it does to us.

Sincerely,

Anne & Dick Gardner

**STONE WALLS*, Spring, 1980

Vol 6. Number I

February 5, 1982

Editors

Stone Walls

I want you to know how very pleased I was with your handling of the skiing article in the winter issue of *STONE WALLS*. All issues are so attractive and to my daughter Faith and me (dyed in the wool New Englanders) every issue is so pleasantly nostalgic. We wish you continuing and growing success with it.

I was pleased with the fine illustration of my article. Your artist got the full flavor of the incident at the Taylor Brook bridge, except that actually we were headed to a full FRONT collision with the horses, which could have been pretty messy! However, it makes no difference now. I fully appreciate the illustration.

Sincerely,

Gordon Hawkins
Orlando, Florida

RIVER BREEZE SHOP

Rte. 112 • Huntington, Mass.

Handcrafted Gifts

Antiques

Herb Teas

House and Garden Plants

Grace Wheeler, Prop. • Phone 1-667-3438

WESTFIELD PHARMACY, INC.

Stanley F. Nowak, Reg. Pharm.

Convalescent Supplies - Cards

Candy - Gifts

Tel. 562-4411

65 Franklin Street • Westfield, Mass.

We Maintain a Complete Record of All
Your Family's Prescription Purchases

**LOCKE,
STOCK &
BARREL**
natural & specialty foods



On the Green Post Office Box 1205 Westfield, MA. 01086
(413) 562-3330



FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

- HOUSE PLANTS

MAUREEN PATERSON

RTE. 20 • RUSSELL MASS. 01071

- CRAFTS

Bus. 413-862-4434

Home - 413-848-2203

Berkshire Off The Trail

By Bernard A. Drew



BERKSHIRE OFF THE TRAIL wanders from the path taken by most local history texts to explore undiscovered or overlooked aspects of Berkshire County people, events and lore. With a special emphasis on industry, transportation and entertainment, the book is based on research in old newspapers and contemporary records, often brought up to date with interviews with knowledgeable residents. The interwoven chapters and subjects brim with contrasts — of old and new, of successful and failed, of sophisticated and rustic. Neither chronological nor complete nor, for that matter, entirely pertinent, this collection of true stories celebrates the inventiveness, enterprise, common sense, wit and charm of the region's inhabitants past and present.

BERKSHIRE OFF THE TRAIL

By Bernard A. Drew

Local History Book — Limited Edition

96 pages — 8½ x 11-inch format

94 Stories — Index

186 Photographs, Maps and Illustrations

Staple-bound with Dustjacket

By mail: \$8.50 each postpaid

Order from: Bernard A. Drew

Attic Revivals Press

53 Gilmore Avenue

Great Barrington, MA 01230

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ *The* ★

★ *Country Emporium* ★

★

★ a browser's delight! ★

★ Route 20 (across from post office) ★

★ Chester, Mass. ★

★ antique furniture, books, china ★

★ and glass, crocks, picture ★

★ frames, quilts, rugs, clothes, ★

★ & brick-a-brac ★

★ Open Daily 10-5 ★

★ 413-354-6502 ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wolcott Realty

NORTH ROAD WESTFIELD

Specializing in Country Property

To BUY or SELL call us.
We have many exclusive listings

CALL 562-4778

STONE'S GARAGES

EAST MAIN STREET, HUNTINGTON, MASS.
TEL. 1-667-3395
&
ROUTE 20, RUSSELL, MASS.
TEL. 1-862-4412

Serving the Hilltowns

Tires - Diesel Fuel - Gas - General Repairs
MASS. STATE INSP. 1791

(TRUCKERS WELCOME)

Have you visited

BARBARA CUNNINGHAM BOOKS

for good used books at reasonable prices?

Most paperbacks 25 cents
Most hard covers \$1 - \$3.00

Also Victorian ephemera, prints, local crafts &
products, greeting cards & party goods

ALLEN COIT ROAD
HUNTINGTON, MA 01050

Open Tuesday-Saturday 10-5
Sunday 1-5 pm, (Closed Mondays)

(From Huntington, take Rte. 66 to Norwich Hill,
left at Searle Rd., then 1st right)

BARBARA ALSO BUYS BOOKS
Call 667-3208

BRADFORD P. FISK
Incorporated
The Corners Grocery

Telephone: 413-238-5531

Worthington, Mass. 01098

Gateway Auto Parts

Serving the Hilltown Area



1 Basket Street
Huntington
667-3101 667-3102

Mint Printers

TYPESETTING * LAYOUT * CAMERA WORK * PRINTING * FINISHING

**FAST
COMPUTERIZED
TYPESETTING**



569.3565

23 Kline Road Southwick, Ma. 01077

OUR SPECIALTY

Programs — Booklets — Newsletters

WE ARE A ONE-STOP SHOP:

• • •

Let us quote you our price for your next typesetting or printing requirement and you may be in for a surprise! We offer mint quality work and all in-house printing at a reasonable price.

Full-time staff of typesetters and paste-up artists trained with the latest techniques and most advanced equipment available.

Complete on-premises printing facilities and finishing department.

CLIFFORD G. PERO

General Insurance for Discerning Customers
Since 1942

SERVING THE VALLEY
Tel. 667-3081

Main Street, Huntington, Mass. 01050

Olds General Store

Middlefield, Mass.
Tel. 413-623-8700

General Merchandise
Blue Seal Feeds, Grains, Hardware,
Produce, Groceries, Meats, Dairy
Produce, Sundries, Beer & Wines,
Mobil Gasoline

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK



HUNTINGTON TRUE VALUE HARDWARE
MAIN STREET
HUNTINGTON, MA. 01050

667-5531

HARDWARE, PAINT

PLUMBING & ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

CROSS PHARMACY

James O'Grady, B.S., R.Ph.

1 West Main Street
Huntington, Mass. 01050
Phone: 667-3055



**Convalescent Aids
Sales & Rentals
Foods plus Vitamins**

PEASE STORE

Chester, Mass.

CLOTHING

MOLTENBREY'S MARKET

serving the people of Huntington
for 25 years

FRITZ MOLTENBREY, Prop.

THE A. & L. MARKET

Carl Libardi, Prop.

**GROCERIES MEATS
VEGETABLES**

Chester, Massachusetts

Russell Inn

**RTE. 20 RUSSELL, MASS
Phone 862-3608**

*Open Seven Days A Week
Specializing In Pizzas, Grinders & Dinners*

ORDERS TO GO

"FRIENDLIEST BAR IN THE VALLEY"

EDITORIAL BOARD

Natalie Birrell
Lucy Conant
Connie Dorrington
Bernard Drew
Helena Duris
Ida Joslyn
Ellie Lazarus
Brooke Lynes
Louise Mason
Barbara McCorkindale
Grace Wheeler

FRIENDS

Joan K. Mendelsohn



PATRONS

Mrs. H. N. Marsh
Harriet U. Fish

READERS PLEASE NOTE:

If there is a *Last Issue* notice in your magazine, please renew promptly as we have no other means of notifying you that your subscription has lapsed. Back copies, when available, cost added postage to send.

Please notify us if your address changes. Magazines will not be forwarded and will so be lost if we do not have your new address.

"...true country walls are made of rough stones just as they were carted from the field in an ox-drawn stone boat and piled into straightforwardly functional fences, full of sheltering crannies for mice and chipmunks."

From the book *The Changing Face of New England*
by Betty Flanders Thomson,
published by Houghton Mifflin Co.,
Boston, Ma. © 1958 by Betty Flanders Thomson.

STONE WALLS

